

4-14-1944

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1944-04-14

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VII

APRIL 14, 1944

No. 26

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN G. WILLIAMS MAKES INSPECTION TOUR OF CARLSTROM

Brigadier General John G. Williams, Commanding General of the 29th Training Wing, made his quarterly inspection tour of Carlstrom Field last Tuesday. General Williams, whose headquarters are at Moody Field, Valdosta, Ga., was accompanied by his staff.

Before I go any further, perhaps it would be well to give you the latest line-up of Flight Line supervisory personnel. There have been a number of changes made since you left our happy family. As you may or may not know, each group has only four squadrons now rather than six.

"Cotton" Jones' Squadron Commanders are Cleve Thompson, Howard Bosken, Sam Worley and Bob Forester with Walter O'Neal, Dale Fishel, Bob Priest and Bill McGalliard as Assistants. George Dudley has Alex Hayes, John Dorr, Bill Henderson and Fred Sheram for Squadron Commanders and Charlie McCoy, Oscar Smith, Byron Shouppe and Vic Urbach as Assistants.

Dispatchers for these squadrons, in their respective order, are Gordon "Pop" Brown, Josh Carlton, Lucille Robertson, Tom Pate, Pauline Montgomery, Dora Jean Wynn,

Floy Shelfer and "Pete" Brewer. Now you have the picture.

Oh, perhaps you didn't know we had Harold "Swoon Crooner" Shepherd, ex-Dorrite, installed behind the mike in the Control Tower. You should hear him sing out "Energizer, Line 2." It's simply—to copycat Pinky Martin—out of this world.

The Instructors, Flying Officers, their wives and dates enjoyed a super-duper barbeque at the Welles Ranch Friday night. To Andy Minichiello goes credit for the promotion of the idea and to Billy Welles and his father for the arrangements. I wasn't there, but "they" tell me it was one of the best barbeques they've ever had. Three plump and juicy pigs were slaughtered to satisfy the appetites of about 200 starving (they must have been) Carlstromites, together with an array of food fit for a king.

The Time department these days looks like a sewing circle. At second glance, however, you find the ladies hard at work over the adding machines. The night crew is working days now, you see.

Martin Gould is a sailor now. Did you

know? He has just completed his boot training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and is now on furlough at his home in West Virginia.

Don Hawkins has departed on what should turn out to be a unique and enjoyable vacation between the H and J classes. He and his wife are flying (via his own Monocoupe) to Atlanta to attend Pat Kinsey's wedding, and from there they will meander where fancy leads. Don said they'd probably end up in Missouri to visit relatives and friends. Lucky dog!

Glen Lancaster has a bandage over one eye. He says his wife stuck her finger in it. Well, I suppose we should give him credit for not blaming it on the poor ol' door!

The Army news this week seems to run to furloughs. Sgt. Jesse Townsend is spending his in Arcadia, Sgt. Ralph Hersperger has gone to Altoona, Pa., and Cpl. "Scotty" Seres is wending his way to Cleveland, Ohio. By the way, did you ever wonder how Scotty got his nickname? I was bold enough to ask him the other day and the

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AT CARLSTROM FIELD—FLYING HELMETS AND GARRISON CAPS

Letters to the Editor

U. S. Army Air Force
San Antonio, Texas
March 18, 1944

Box 133
Leavittsburg, Ohio
March 21, 1944

Dear Wayne:

I received an edition of the Fly Paper yesterday and it reminded me that I owe you a letter.

I am now stationed in San Antonio and am awaiting assignment to a pre-flight school. I have finished my classification tests and the Army has decided that of three, pilot, bombardier or navigator, I am best suited for pilot training. Of course, that doesn't make me a bit unhappy because that's what I wanted. The thing that would make my happiness supreme now would be for me to be assigned to one of Mr. Riddle's flying schools in Florida!

I enjoyed my training in college immensely. Of course, that may be attributed to the fact that I lost my heart to a pretty little co-ed while there. I expect to leave the ranks of "eligible bachelors" sometime in September.

Wayne, I want to express my sincere thanks to you for being so reliable in sending me the Fly Paper. I know that it has been a difficult job since my mailing address changes so frequently. You've done nobly—I've received every copy.

The Fly Paper is my only contact with my friends at Embry-Riddle and I certainly enjoy reading it. It seems just like a letter from home.

Sincerely yours,
A/S Bill Shanahan

P.S. Just noticed that your name is spelled Wain, not Wayne. Sorry, am I forgiven?

Editor's Note: Certainly you're forgiven, Bill. And you're not the first who's been confused about my name. Many is the letter that comes to MR. Wain R. Fletcher. The news of your intended "leap" will be quite a shock to the Tech School gals who still speak of you and occasionally refer to that upper lip fringe, which, we hope, you will not repeat if you want your little co-ed to continue her wedding plans.

Dear Editor:

Lt. Richard Lee Alexander, my husband, was a former student of Carlstrom Field in Class 43-A. While there he wrote to me about the happy times he spent and, in order that I might keep up with the activities, had the Fly Paper sent to me. Since then I've enjoyed every copy.

Knowing that he would be very interested in "keeping up with Carlstrom," I am sending his address and would appreciate your sending him the paper.

At present he is a pilot on a B26 Marauder, somewhere in England. A few weeks after arriving overseas he received a promotion to first lieutenant.

Very sincerely yours,
Martha Burns Alexander

Editor's Note: Thank you, Mrs. Alexander, for sending us your husband's address—we will see that he "keeps up with Carlstrom." When you write to him, congratulate him for us on his promotion and please send us news of him again.

WAVES Quarters, USNAS
Patuxent River, Md.
March 26, 1944

Dear Wally:

Pauline Bodell sent me a copy of the Fly Paper recently and it was "shore" good to see your voice again. Where is the office now? At Tech? I see Mr. Thomas, Louie and João are still with you. How about Malcolm? Is Fred Foote in Brasil?

A Karen Draper was mentioned as Aviation Advisor to women. That's not Karen Lindstrom, is it?

Some of the officers here have been looking convertibles. They remind me of the fun we had riding to Home Milk.

For the second time I have passed qualifications for a rating and expect to sew on my crows next week. The work here is interesting, something I could get nowhere else in the U. S. At present I am working in the test tower where we communicate with planes that are testing electronic equipment.

I have been in Washington two week ends. Very pretty place. May go next Sunday to see the cherry trees in bloom.

I have asked for a leave in June. How about letting me know where you are so I can find you?

Sincerely,
Carrol

Editor's Note: The above letter from Carrol Waggoner, formerly Timekeeper at Aircraft Overhaul and a graduate in Radio at Tech, was written to Wally Tyler of Engine Overhaul.



Lt. John L. Goodwin and his sister, Genevieve

P. O. Box 353
Pulaski, N. Y.
March 29, 1944

Gentlemen:

This is in answer to your letter to my father about Lt. John L. Goodwin. He is at present stationed at Palm Springs, Calif.

He recently was transferred there from Wilmington, Del. While at Wilmington he made two ferry trips—one to Atlanta, Ga., and one to Sheppard Field, Tex.

After graduation from Riddle Field he went to Nashville, Tenn. The middle of last January he was able to get home—I am enclosing a snapshot of him and his older sister, Genevieve, which was taken in front of his home at that time. I hope it is suitable for reproduction in your newspaper.

Would it be possible for you to put me on your mailing list of that paper? I would appreciate it very much if you would do so.

Respectfully yours,
Barbara Goodwin

Editor's Note: Your letter was forwarded to us from Riddle Field, Barbara, along with the picture, which we have reproduced on this page. Thanks for sending it to us—we are always interested in hearing of the activities of our "Yanks in the RAF." Your brother's classmates in Course 15 also will be delighted to hear about him. Please write us again—the Fly Paper is now being sent to you weekly.

No. 5 BFTS
Riddle Field
Clewiston, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I would be extremely grateful if you would send home the Fly Paper as I know my mother would be very interested to see something of what we really do here.

I would also like to ask another favor of you. That is, is it possible for copies from November to be sent likewise? I am not sure if that is possible but I would be very pleased if it could be done.

I am yours sincerely,
Rex C. Roberts, Course 18

Editor's Note: Your mother's name has been placed on our mailing list, Rex, and we have been able to send her most of the back issues you request.



Letters from England

F/Sgt. R. L. C. Lasham
London, England

Dear Editor:

Well, I suppose I should start off with an apology. It's about eighteen months now since I left Clewiston with number four course and although I have been receiving the Fly Paper regularly, I'm afraid I haven't written to you once. You must take a pretty dim view of me so I had better say I'm sorry and get on with the letter, hoping you'll forgive me.

When I arrived here after a short stay in Canada, I went to A.F.U. to convert to twins with a few more of our course. Phil Dyson was one of them. Remember him? He was our Course Commander at Clewiston. We were here for about eight weeks before leaving, being split up and posted to O.T.U.s, Instructor's Schools, or, as I was, to a staff pilot's job.

I had about four months of this "stooging" before going on to a night fighter O.T.U. I'm afraid Beaufighters and myself didn't get on too well and after I had strayed off the runway a couple of times after landing, the RAF decided that maybe I was more suited to heavies.

I'm really glad they made that decision as now I am flying what I reckon is the thing in the airplane world, the Lancaster. She really is a beauty and I feel really sorry for all those other blokes who have to fly Spitfires and other kites with only one engine. Hard luck fellows.

I've lost touch with nearly everyone who was in Florida with me. Arthur Bryant is the only chap with whom I correspond regularly. He gives me quite a bit of news, some of it not always good. It was he who told me that Vin Reeves was killed in a flying accident last November. Vin joined up with Bryant and myself and we managed to stick together through I.T.W. and our flying training. It's a pity our friendship had to break up that way.

I did meet one chap from five course earlier in the year, Flying Officer Orman it was. He was an instructor on a beam flying course I was on. Fancy having to take instruction from a member of a junior course, a mere sprog.

Well, now for some questions I want to ask you. Can you tell me what has happened to my instructors, Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Miller? If you should run across them, say hello for me, won't you? Will you also say hello to Mrs. Vann and all my friends in Moore Haven?

Well, I guess that's about all the news I have for the moment, so I'll say cheerio. Let's have a line from you sometime.

Best of luck,
Bob

Editor's Note: Thanks for all the news about yourself and others of Course 4, Bob. A letter answering all your questions is en route.

F/O Woodham, C.A.
Kings Arms Hotel
Skipton, Yorks.
England
February 15, 1944

Dear Editor:

I have today received the handsome wristwatch, a gift of John Paul Riddle. Needless to say, I was delighted with it and am very proud to be honored in this way. Please convey my very sincere thanks. It will always be a link with the happy days spent at Riddle Field and the host of friends I made there.

After instructing in Texas for several months, I returned to England and found it better than I had expected. At the moment I am on leave and expect any day to be posted to a night fighter station.

Your Fly Paper keeps me up to date with all the happenings of the Riddle Family. I receive them very gratefully.

Please give my regards to all at Riddle Field. Best wishes for your continued success.

Yours sincerely,
Charles A. Woodham, F/O, RAF

Editor's Note: Thanks you for the nice tribute to Riddle Field and to the Fly Paper, Charles. And who could be more deserving of a handsome gift than the Best All Round Cadet of Course 8? We know Mr. Riddle will be pleased that your watch is a treasured possession.

70 Grenville Road
New Addington
Surrey, England
March 14, 1944

Dear Sir:

I wonder if you would kindly send a copy of the Fly Paper dated December 10, 1943, to the above address? It is of special interest to us as I believe it has in it a photograph of my son, P/O Fardell, receiving his wings.

Thanking you in anticipation,
K. A. Fardell

Editor's Note: That particular copy of the Fly Paper is on its way to Mrs. Fardell, and we hope she will write more about her son, Ronald, who was the Outstanding Cadet AND the Outstanding Ground School Cadet of Course 15 at Riddle Field.

G. Elson
38 Bastion Rd.
Abbey Wood, S.E. 2
England

Good Luck, America!

Editor's Note: The above note come to the Fly Paper office along with a request for the Fly Paper to be sent to Miss Lockyear of Catford, England. We thought it a unique message and looked up "Elson" in our files. We have a Miss M. Elson and wonder if "G." is a member of the family or even the same person using a different initial. How about a letter of explanation, "G."?
Good Luck, England!

26 Elmfield Terrace
Halifax, Yorks.
England
March 16, 1944

Dear Editor:

Ever since my son, Pilot Officer D. R. Lealand, enjoyed his training at Carlstrom Field in Class 42-B, you have been good enough to send us regularly a copy of the Fly Paper.

We have looked forward to its receipt and it has been read enjoyably by my wife and myself, and all the copies are being saved for my son to go through when he comes home.

I feel that this is an opportunity for me to write in appreciation for your kindness in sending us your journals so regularly and keeping us in touch with the progress of the School, since our boy first learned under your instruction to get off the ground.

My motive in writing is to ask you to please continue sending the Fly Paper, and will you please in the future send them to the above address?

Darrell joined up with 250 Squadron M.E.F. and has since been changed to C.M.F. A few months ago he was shot down, was picked up by a patrol and got back to his own lines. During his last eight months active service he has been flying Fighter Bombers.

Many thanks and best of good wishes.

Yours sincerely,
T. Phillips Lealand
Flying Officer

Editor's Note: We certainly appreciate your note, F/O Lealand, and the news of Darrell. Your address has been corrected and we trust you will continue to enjoy your copies of the Fly Paper.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you weekly, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name _____

Address _____

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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LEADERS OF OUR DAY

by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt
Dorr and Carlstrom Fields

This week I have chosen to emphasize the importance of religion by relating the religious convictions of leaders of our day. I quote from a recent Chief of Chaplain's release entitled *Leaders Look to God*.

Gen. George C. Marshall, according to a chaplain, interested at a famous clinic on behalf of a soldier's crippled child. When the General was thanked for his part in the healing of the child, he said: "I never forgot that our Master once took little children in His arms, blessed them, and said, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven'."

In referring to Gen. Marshall, Justice Frank Murphy of the United States Supreme Court said, "I don't know what that middle 'C' stands for, but if it is not descriptive of 'Christian' then I don't know men, and I don't know what being a Christian means."

Gen. Douglas MacArthur was referred to by President Quezon of the Philippine Islands as a "God's Book Man." He explained, "I mean that he reads God's Book every day. I have been in his room when we have read the Book together. He not only reads the Bible, but he learns from it what to do in every-day life—especially when things get into what you Americans call a 'tight spot'—the General prays. Every time I have heard him pray he has given me confidence and faith." Young Douglas MacArthur read the Bible through six times before he was graduated from West Point.

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker is quoted by the Rev. William L. Stidger in *Christian Herald* as saying twenty years ago, when Dr. Stidger spoke to a gathering of a Rotary Club, "Doctor, I want to thank you for that prayer. I believe in prayer and I like to hear prayers at our lodges and clubs."

The above examples are only a few of

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ESCOLA TÉCNICA DE AVIAÇÃO

Papel Péga-Mosca

"STICK WITH IT"

HIGH TYPE OF STUDENT ENROLLS IN SAO PAULO

São Paulo, Brasil
March 1, 1944

Dear Mr. Hubbell:

I know you are vitally interested in hearing news of us down here. The School is definitely progressing every day. Improvements are rapidly taking place, proving that it will be a wonderful School.

We are receiving a very high type of student. Strict entrance examinations and a severe physical check-up make them the cream of the crop. Many of our personnel have taken to Portuguese admirably and I'm sure you would be astounded at their progress and would marvel at hearing them converse and teach in Portuguese.

It looked like a tremendous undertaking, but I am sure Mr. Riddle's keen foresight will prevail again and make this venture a huge success. The cadets here look up to him with awe and reverence.

We have developed quite a recreational and sports program for our personnel. The majority seem to be more than willing to spend their nights together for bowling, swimming, badminton and dancing lessons. We play night tennis on the finest covered tennis court I have ever seen, Estadio Municipal. We also go there to swim one night a week. We have a basketball team—with uniforms, and we're about ready for our first game.

With the cooperation and support of the Planning Board we were able to fit out a small five-room building for recreational activities. It is really grand—tile floors and walls—with exhaust fans. We use one room for a library, one for ping-pong, one for chess and checkers, another for bridge and still another for floor games. We have a nice radio, and all these things tend to make the building very popular. It is always filled at break periods, lunch (two hours), and at off times.

We just completed a chess tournament with C. Cook the champion. We are now beginning a ping-pong tournament with 32 entries. Believe me, you'll never know what a help these rooms have been in making our people happier.



GEE! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!

Our PX has opened and is serving sandwiches, hot and cold drinks, candy and cigarettes. Much credit is due to Perrine and his volunteer helpers. It is still in the embryo stage, but at least when we want to eat we don't have to be riding back and forth to town. Incidentally, we get plenty of coca-colas without trouble. Seem the same as Miami cokes to me.

I have an apartment in a new fifteen-story modern apartment building, facing the largest park in the city. It is only a five-minute ride to School and a three-minute ride in the opposite direction to the city. There are ninety units and believe me we have our share. Some of the tenants are Boddy, his wife and child; Thomas, Ellis, Hamm and their wives; Lehman and Boultinghouse with their wives and children. Then there are Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Miss Humble, Miss Bell, the Treff family, Duncan, Stewart, Betz, Cook, Markeet, the Featherstones, Finn, Mueller, Setzer, Stokeley, Lang, Olmstead, Helm, Alfio and yours truly. Some gang, eh?

This certainly is a wonderful country and quite a city—many, many types of people. They all have received us with open arms and believe me they are good friends to us. I have never been shown so many

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ARTICLE IN PORTUGUESE WINS HANDSOME PRIZE

The following Portuguese article is the winner of this week's contest. If the author, Barbara Adams of the Brazilian Program, will call at the Fly Paper office, she will receive an English-Portuguese, Portuguese-English dictionary as a prize. Adriano Ponso is sponsoring a similar contest each week. Why not try out YOUR Portuguese? You may win a handsome gift.

Aqui tem, entao um pequeno numero dos pensamentos da classe No. 5 que se reúnem tres horas por dia para estudar o português.

Arnold Frey

Born: Cleveland, Ohio.

Subject to teach: Basic

Pensamento: Os tempos estão difíceis. Este problema de aprender a lingua portuguesa esta me quebrando a cabeça. Muitas vezes em classe eu tem um triste papel, justamente quando queria fazer bonito. É a verdade o que lhe estou dizendo, mas estou tecendo os meus pauzinhos.

Margaret McLaughlin

Born: Barry County, Mich.

Si não se gosta de falar da vida alheia, a conversa morre em breve.

William Morgan

Born: Chicago, Ill.

Subject to teach: Link Trainer

Pensamento—Eu estudo, eu como, eu sonho o português mas ainda não posso o falar.

James McLaughlin

Born: North Adams, Mich.

Subject to teach: Mathematics, Handtools

Pensamento—Que caso serio! O caso está serio, está encrencado. É preciso saber lidar com ela. Dar um jeito—Agora tenho-a a mão. A gramatica Williams.

C. H. Bush

Born: Sebewaing, Mich.

Subject to teach: Basic Electrical

Pensamento—Já passou a idade para ser sorteado. Son muito velho.

Edith Street

Born: Baltimore, Md.

Pensamento—Tudo acabará bem: tudo dará certo: Deus é brasileiro."

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Eva Mac Lee

AROUND THE FIELD

Of course you know by now that Kay Bramlitt and Christine McAnally are deserting us for a suit of blue. That leaves yours truly holding the bag, or rather the pen, to sign her John Hancock to the Carlstrom Carrousel from now on.

On the prowl for news the other day, I wandered off the Flight Line and poked my inquisitive nose into each and every office along the—to borrow a Philadelphia phrase—Main Stem. In the Canteen I found pretty, red-headed Kathryn Jones Eller back at the cash register. She was married to Charlene Eller's brother awhile ago. Now that he has gone overseas, she has returned to her old job. She will pinch-hit at the switchboard this week for another redhead, Maurice Gough, who will vacation in the land of peaches.

Replacing Brother Tom

Betty Jones is working in the Mess Hall office now, taking the place of her brother Tom who was called into the Army. Mrs. M. L. Cooper, ex-Mess Hall member, is now working in the offices of Mr. Dexter, Purchasing Agent for Dorr and Carlstrom. Prior to moving to Arcadia, Mrs. Cooper worked in the Ordnance department at Camp Lee, Va.

The headline for the Parachute department goes to the chief, Ray Farwell, who has received his CAA Senior Parachute Rigger's license. To you uninitiated, that means he's tops. Renabell Smith expects hers soon.

Very Good Taste

In the Personnel office I found another new Carlstromite, Mrs. Grace Peace whose husband is an Instructor at Dorr Field. He sure can pick 'em, that Mr. Peace! S. E. Harrison, Personnel Manager, has "gone and done it" again. This time it's a broken shoulder. You'd think he'd learn to stay off those "buckin' broncos." He has our sympathy anyway.

While there, I inquired about the service pins which are to be presented to every employee with at least a year's service with the Company. There are about 500 to be given out at Carlstrom and they'll be here shortly.

PRO PATRI MORI

It is with deep regret that we report the death of Lt. William W. Jackson, former Carlstrom Cadet of Class 44-A, whose B-17 crashed last Sunday during a routine training flight at Avon Park.

To his family in Madisonville, Ky., Embry-Riddle wishes to extend sincere sympathy. Lt. Jackson died in the service of his country.



THE ASSISTANT EDITOR, Vadah Walker, was well prepared for our recent cold spell when she visited Carlstrom Field a few weeks ago. Entrenched in a jeep and wrapped in a fur coat, or vice versa, Vadah all but upset operations on the flight line.

It must be fun working in Personnel, talking to each would-be employee before putting the Carlstrom stamp on him. I got a kick out of some of the stories Mildred Collier told me—about the colored woman who applied for work to earn just enough money to prop up her house, and about the one who, when asked if she had ever been arrested, replied that she had. Regarding the circumstances, she said she had been arrested for thinking—only thinking about gambling because, although she admitted playing the game, she vowed she was not seen doing so. How's that for quick wit!

Stork Department

During my visit to Mrs. Dykes' office, I picked up a few items about furloughs, learned that Lt. Agnost and Cpl. McPhail are both expectant papas, and had the privilege of reading a most dynamic editorial written by Lt. Brooks, Statistician.

From there I traveled on to Capt. Strauch's office, hoping to see the Commandant in action; but everything was quiet and peaceful. I was invited in for a coke, though, to pass the time of day. There I learned that the officers had already given Major Clonts a surprise party at the Cadet Club.

We had a visit recently from the Great Ebbets, just back from Brasil. He held us spellbound (if one can be spellbound and in stitches at the same time) with his stories of the land down under—Brasil, another "Land of Enchantment." Can you imagine paying 5 cents apiece for orchids?

Charlie kept us doubled up with tales of his tiger hunt (No, no fish story this time. He's got the tiger on his floor to prove it) and a comedy of errors in which he played the leading role when he was mistaken for a pilot. (Oh, well, they build planes nowadays to take a lot of punishment.) I could go on at some length recalling Mr. Ebbet's experiences, but why bat my head against the wall? Ah, to be "flyin' down to Rio"!

FORMER CADETS

You may be interested, too, to hear news of some former Cadets. Major Robert W. Smith of Class 41-I is now on leave at his home in Woburn, Mass., after a two-year assignment in New Guinea as a bomber pilot. He has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal, the Service Medal and the Group Medal.

Lloyd Whitney was visited last week by a Cadet of Class 43-E, Lt. Edmund M. O'Riordon of Massachusetts. He is a member of the Ferry Command now and was on his way across piloting a P-70 which drew the horde like bees to honey. In fact, Jack Hobler brought his whole class down from Ground School to give it the once-over. Mr. Whitney recalled that O'Riordon almost eliminated from Primary at six hours. Chalk one up for his guardian angel!

New Home

Further investigation reveals that Army Operations and Engineering are about ready to move into their new offices to the northwest corner of Hangar 3. I see some recent changes there too. Capt. John L. Frisbee left a couple of weeks ago and is now attending Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., after which he hopes for overseas duty.

Capt. Frisbee was a Carlstrom Cadet of Class 42-I back in January, 1942. He was commissioned in October and became an Advanced Instructor at Blytheville, Ark. He reported at Carlstrom Field again in April, 1943, subsequently became Operations Officer and received his Captain's bars in February of this year. We all wish him the very best of luck in his new undertaking.

Welcome

Lt. Lindsay is now Acting Operations Officer with a new check pilot as Assistant. He is 1st Lt. Harry A. Snyder from West Virginia. Unfortunately, as far as our feminine constituents are concerned, he's married. Lt. Snyder was a civilian flight instructor at the primary school at Americus, Ga. Later he instructed at Randolph Field and was commissioned there last October. He has approximately 2,700 hours to his credit and received his Senior Service Pilot's rating in January. At present he is on DNIF due to a recent operation and rumor has it that the other check pilots are eagerly awaiting his reinstatement to flying status.

After a quick look-see into the Administration Building and the Intelligence Office, I popped back into my cubbyhole (not to be taken literally) to ponder and cull over the items of interest or disinterest which I had amassed. At the Accounting office, I learned that Mrs. MacLeod had been ill for several days. We all hope it's not

serious. I also learned that Jack and Joyce Dozier are the proud papa and mama of a baby girl.

I know you'd never forgive me if I left out the Sports Review. The bowling tournament is drawing mighty near the climax. The Administration team (Bob Bullock, captain) lost to Instructors No. 1 (Alex Hayes, captain) the other night so No. 1 and No. 2 (Harry Ness, captain) will play off for the championship and the Administration will play off the Enlisted Men (Sgt. Jesse Townsend, captain) for consolation. I'll give you the final line-up later.

Baseball season is fast approaching and already Carlstrom sports fans are limping around with sore muscles. They had their first game last week and scored a 3-1 triumph over the local high school. Alex Hayes pitched with Byron Shoupe as catcher. Major Clonts played first base, J. D. Smith second, Charlie Riddling third, Alex MacTavish short, O. E. Smith right field, Cpl. John Murray center field and W. C. Smith left field. John Duris and Clarence Wunder were on hand as subs. Mr. Brinton says the team shows promise and they are looking forward to an active season with other fields.

Oops, there's the mailman. 'Bye for now.

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 1

answer is that when he gets excited he acquires a Scottish brogue. To get back to the subject at hand, Lt. Greenwood spent his leave in Chicago and the Pfc. Dick Bernsteins have returned from furlough spent in South Carolina and New York. Not strictly apropos in this paragraph, perhaps, but W/O S. G. Jordan's wife returned last week from a two-month visit in Boston.

BRASIL

Continued from Page 5

courtesies in my life and such friendliness. We have a lot to learn in that respect. There just doesn't seem to be anything that is too much trouble or impossible for them to do. They have infinite patience. After the harum scarum life at home this seems to be so sensible—relax and do things calmly and unhurriedly.

Next Sunday our tennis team plays the English Club tennis matches. We will have luncheon and then later there will be a tea dance. The following Sunday our diamond ball team plays the American Air Force team.

All the gang and I say hello—and all our gang join me in wishing your gang the best of luck. To you and Helene Hirsch I want to express my utmost thanks and gratitude for being so thoughtful and helpful to Mary. I hope some day to thank you personally. Say hello to Mrs. Hubbell for me and again—thank you.

Your sincere friend,
Sandy

Editor's Note: The above letter was written to Willard Hubbell, Chief Instructor of the Instructor's School here in Miami, by Sandy Saunders of the Escola Técnica de Aviação in São Paulo.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

by Taylor C. Cottrell

I surely hope Bosco doesn't have any permanently ill feelings toward me for chasing him out of the doghouse again.



"T. C."

Anyway, he looks like a nice dog and I like dogs. So, move back in, Bosco, and let's do a little reminiscing.

A lot of water has run under the bridge since Embry-Riddle Field opened and (maybe we are bragging

but it's true) a lot more will go under before it is forgotten, if and when it ever is. For, hard as it is to put into words, there has been a feeling instilled into the personnel at this Field, Army and Civilian alike, that cannot die.

Good Fellowship

We feel it when old Cadets come back to see us, even if it means lost time on leave or an out-of-the-way trip. We feel it when ex-Army personnel come back on a visit. We feel it in the good fellowship that exists and has existed from the very beginning among the fellows on the Field from the big boss on down. And, talking about bosses, has anyone forgotten Roscoe Brinton's story about the country lad who was taking his Army physical? And has anyone ever seen "Boots" Frantz without his pleasant smile and friendly greeting? Two swell guys in a swell organization.

And let's not forget Capt. Len Povey who, on his numerous trips up here, was inclined to have a gang around him, telling them the latest jokes, when maybe he should have been kicking the seat of somebody's pants; or "Boss" Riddle who, although not as well known to us up here, must be OK or he couldn't have the organization he has built.

Dust and Dirt

We think back on the early days—of the dust, of the sound of hammers and saws and construction, and of more dust, of expansion and more and more Cadets.

We remember our Commanding Officers, Capt. James, Major James and now Col. James! Next Lt. Breeding, later Capt. Breeding. Then came Major Parsons and Major McNally. All understanding, human men who were interested in one thing—keeping up the standards of our Field.

We think of Sam Sparks, our Assistant Manager, the man of many jobs, of Charley Sullivan, our Director of Flying who started the Refresher School and who has been the pep plus that kept the Pilot's Club going. We think of Chef Taylor who has kept us from going hungry, even if we did cuss when he served meat balls and goulash. However, it was always easy to tell when we were having steak or chicken

for he always met us at the door on those days.

We salute Mr. Baker, who (most times) was too busy to attend Department Head meeting because he was trying to figure out how to purchase better food at less money. (So he could serve liver.) We thank Mr. Haynes for his handling the grounds so nicely, Irv Krussrow for keeping the ships in the air in spite of labor problems, Karl Wilson for his patience in the Purchasing department. We wish George Lobdell, our ex-Accountant, the best of luck in his new job with Uncle Sam.

Dead Stop

We understand that brake jobs have increased in Union City since Chief Johnson has been requiring his boys to make all cars come to a dead stop before opening the gate.

We think of Leon Caldwell every time we roll over the paved road from the highway to the Field.

We remember Larry Walden, who is now at Clewiston as Flight Instructor, as having opened up the Ground School with two green men and himself; and Mrs. Marcus who has patiently handled the telephone service.

We could go on like this forever, mentioning everyone who has ever worked on this Field, for all have contributed something to it and to the bombing raids that are being carried on in all the theatres of war.

To Meet Again

Here's hoping that some of these days all the old gang can get together in a family reunion after the war is won and talk over old times, and I hope that all of you have gained as much from the good fellowship of Embry-Riddle Field as I have.

Lots of luck to all of you.

Be on the alert
And on the beam,
Then you will back
A winning team!



T. E. "BOOTS" FRANTZ, General Manager of Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, is caught in an informal pose. As our correspondent says, "Boots" is never without a cheery smile and a friendly greeting.

DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

GEN. J. G. WILLIAMS INSPECTS DORR FIELD

Gen. John G. Williams and his staff completed the Quarterly Inspection tour of Dorr Field on April 5th and 6th.

Gen. Williams and his staff, composed of Major H. K. Undercoffler, Major Prodgers, Major Howell, Capt. Wills, Capt. Abano, Lt. Cassidy, Lt. Mitchell, M/Sgt. Cobb and Sgt. Adams, are stationed at the Headquarters of the 29th Flying Training Wing, Moody Field, Valdosta, Ga., where General Williams is the Commanding General.

MAN OF THE WEEK

by A/C G. L. Warren

Class 44-H boasts an experienced soldier in A/C Isaac "Scotty" Cooke. But don't think "Scotty" is the only thing he has been called during his rise from buck private to master sergeant in the Corps of Engineers.

Born on the border of Scotland and England almost 27 years ago, Scotty prepared himself for Oxford or Cambridge by attending schools in Lancaster and Carlisle, England. The life of a soldier proved too much of a temptation for him and at the age of 14 he enlisted for a short time in the British Army. Scotty, whose father was killed in France during the first World War, is an only child, so it was he and his mother who came across to America when he was but 16.

In The Army

His Army career started in March of 1941. The first year was spent as an instructor of recruits after which he transferred to the 31st Engineers Combat Regiment and later to the 241st Engineers Combat Battalion. It was at his later post that he rose to the rank of master sergeant and title of sergeant major.

Since 1940 he has tried to become a cadet—the answer always a "no" until his citizenship papers came through. Now, as an American citizen, Scotty has made an impressive record in the Cadet Corps. At every training phase, he has been a cadet officer. He was squadron commander of the outstanding squadron at Maxwell Field during his Pre-flight ground schooling.

When it comes to flying, "Scotty" is right there working for a combat ship in which he may equal the score on the Germans who have imprisoned one of his cousins, killed another at Dunkirk, and inflicted hardships on still another who fought a year on Malta. Of his 50 Lancaster classmates, 23 are still alive.

Yes, Scotty is versatile. He likes classical music, horseback riding (having owned a stable), rugby, cricket, motorcycles and

skiing. He is a married man with a year-old son.

Scotty wants to be a military pilot after Hitler and Tojo have gone to their ancestors; give him a P-51 or a B-29 and he will be happy—well, who wouldn't? But all kidding aside, we know Scotty will continue his fine record and go on adding greater things to it.

U.S.O. CLUB

by A/C James A. Null

The United Service Organization here in Arcadia has at the disposal of the Cadets many small and large services at the club in the Arcade building . . . maybe all of us Cadets aren't aware of them.

Usually when the phrase "USO Club" is mentioned, one immediately thinks of a soft chair, maybe a ping-pong table and, of course, stationery supplies. This club has all these and many more, namely: housing aids, camera loans, meeting of relatives or wives at the railway station, information desk, a cookie jar kept filled by the ladies of Arcadia, the ever-present magazines, musical instruments and movies on Saturday night. The list of the really good and constructive services that the USO has to offer could go on forever.

Under the able direction of Gerry Stumpf, Director, Mrs. Charlotte Thompson, Program Assistant, and Mrs. Jonnie Fae Cassels, Secretary, the USO is really "A Home Away From Home" for Cadets and service men and it is just waiting for us to take advantage of its many facilities.

*Still the pigeons
Homing go . . .
They don't tell
All they know!*



BRIG. GEN. JOHN G. WILLIAMS, Commanding General of the 29th Flying Training Wing, Moody Field, Valdosta, Ga., inspected Dorr Field April 5 and 6.

WHITNALL WIT

by Jack Whitnall

Special note to Eddie House: How about some news for the Fly Paper?



Jack

the train pulled into the station it scared Art so bad that he went and hid.

What Goes?

Martha Holbrook asking if a certain Cadet was confined last Wednesday night; evidently he was not.

Mary Edna Parker always interested in all B-17's that fly over Dorr way.

Mary Ann Downs heard singing "Waiting at the Gate, Waiting at the Gate" last Saturday night about 8:30 p.m.—could be that A/C Downs was detained on the flight line till that late.

Another improvement in the way of a public address system is being erected in the building area for the use of the Commandant of Cadets. This work is being done by Mr. Foss from Riddle Field at Clewiston, one of our Allies.

The Army Side

Most of the Dorr officers went on a fishing expedition last week. From all reports the bait made excellent eating when fried.

We understand that Capt. Fink is writing a thriller, "The Mystery at the Disposal Plant." Also, we might add that the Captain is the most alert man on the Field—for attestation to this statement you may ask any officer here.

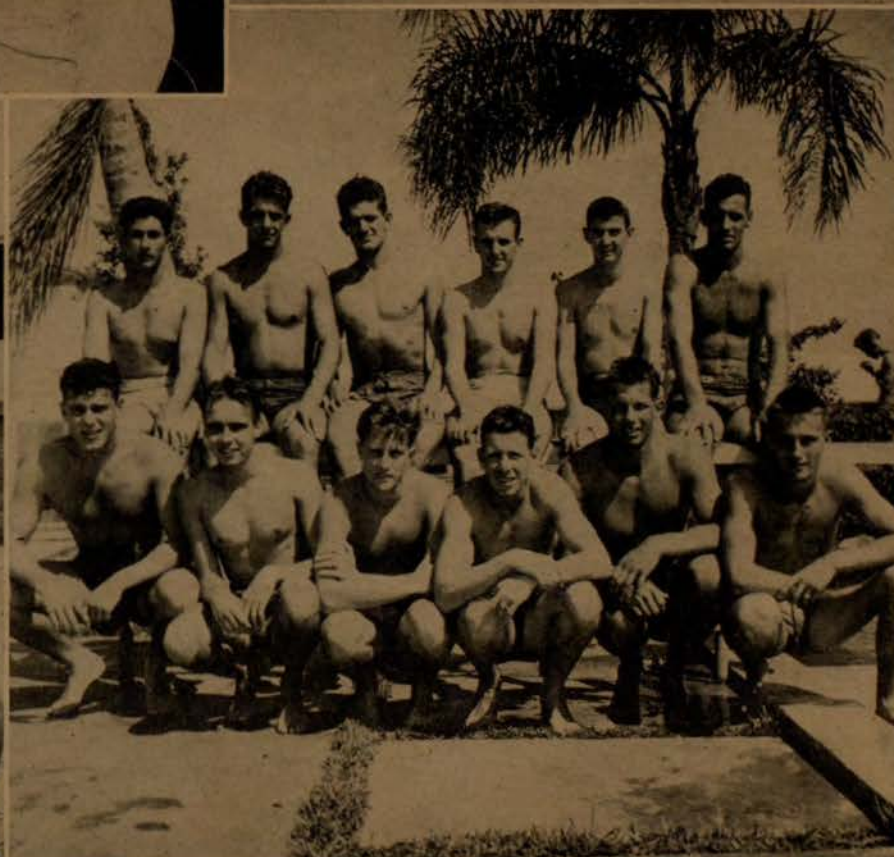
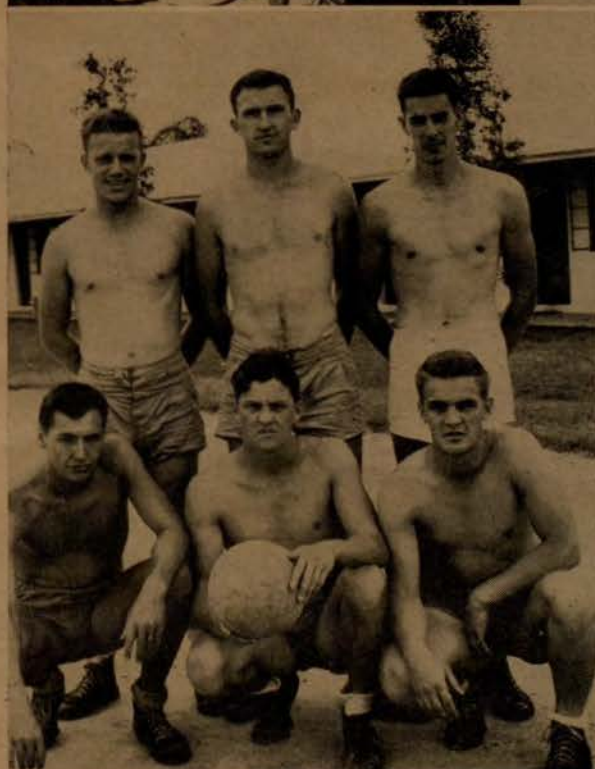
Lt. Austin heard telling Capt. Palmer in no uncertain terms that AO does not stand for automobile officer and that it never did.

Lt. Rubertus leaving in a few days for a two weeks' leave to be spent in Minnesota; Minnesota, to all you uns who have never heard of such a name, is one of the 48 states in the Union. At first we were afraid that he was going to try to motor up there; since he has only two weeks, he would be AWOL about four weeks if he drove that car of his!

Tol'ably yours,
Jack

P.S. Do you have a trunk on the back of your car? Elephants have trunks—are you sure that your car is not an elephant?

DORR WINS CARLSTROM - DORR FIELD MEET



THE CARLSTROM-DORR ATHLETIC TROPHY RESTS QUIETLY AT DORR FIELD after a hard fought Field Meet which saw Carlstrom leading during the morning matches and Dorr sprinting to a victorious finish in the afternoon. Upper left: Push Ball; Upper right: Finalists in the tennis competition; Center left: Lt. Ernest Haring of Carlstrom awards the Carlstrom-Dorr trophy to Major James L. Curnutt, Commanding Officer of Dorr; Lower left: The winning Carlstrom Field basketball team; Lower right: Carlstrom and Dorr contestants in the swimming meet.

TECH TALK

by Aldra Watkins, Purchasing

Hello, eva'body! After a tour of Tech School Monday morning I should be able to tell you just "What Goes on Here," but if I missed any of you, it was only because you saw me first and knew who the Tech Talk Bud had been pinned on for this week.

The Easter Bunny should be congratulated this year on the splendid job he did in making everyone happy. However, beware, don't mention boiled eggs to Helen Burkart, who has had enough until next Easter. We hear that Estelle Woodward spent Easter at home with her folks in Fort Lauderdale. Understand you broke in some mighty fine horses, Estelle. How

RED CROSS WAR FUND

Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, is the Red Cross representative at the Tech School. Give her your donation and make it big enough to hurt.

about giving some of us girls a few lessons in horseback riding?

What I would like to know is: Why are you going to challenge Ponso to a duel, Freda? He is such a nice man, really he is. Even if he does get your parking place, your car is bigger, isn't it? Well?

Vacation time again for Edna Callahan. Welcome back to work, Edna—hope you enjoyed your well-deserved vacation. Say, this vacation denotes the end of your second year here, doesn't it? Really getting to be an ole timer.

It certainly was nice to have Fred Foote around for a few days before he returned to his duties São Paulo. Bob Hillstead (the Colonel) has gone to Brasil to look things over. We hope everything meets with your approval, Bob, but don't get any ideas about staying down there—your department will need you when they finally move into their new home here in the Tech School.

Chief Newshounds

Ah! In further search for a bit of news, I wandered into the Fly Paper office. Yep, I was right. They were ready and willing to give me all the dope about what was goin' on around here.

We have been having some visitors—did you know? Lt. Leslie Beaver, who is on leave from his post in the Caribbean area, visited the School as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Stahl. Also Margaret Walker, former Assistant Librarian, Lt. John Campbell of the Homestead Army Air Base and Bill MacKenzie of the Navy V-12 Unit at the University of Miami were guests of Vadah Walker and Lil Clayton one day last week. Glad to have you visit us, folks, and hope you will come again soon.

Oh, yes, and in the Fly Paper office I met two of the new flight students, "Toni" Shore and Monica McGrath. Welcome to our School, Toni and Monica. We hope to see more of you.

Although we know Albert Tilton is our new Paymaster, that's about all we have known about him. I have just learned that Mr. Tilton hails from Cleveland, Ohio. He came to Florida in 1939 and worked at the Submarine Base in Key West and was Paymaster at Deland Naval Air Station before coming to Embry-Riddle in September, 1943.

Speaking from a mercenary standpoint, Mr. Tilton has just about the most important job in the Company! It surely keeps him and his staff busy keeping up with payday. By the way, if you haven't met him, you should, for he certainly has a wonderful personality.

Music Master Away

In the Brazilian Division I found out that the reason we haven't been having music for breakfast is that George Ireland is in Dayton, Ohio, on business. Also he has recently been joined by his able Assistant, Floyd Brewer.

Did you see that lovely orchid on Dorothy Scott? It was sent to her for Easter by her hubby, Ray, a member of the Brazilian Division who is attending school up North.

New additions to the Brazilian Division are Sarah Nichols, Leonard Sterling, Jules Bary, Oren Hines and Anthony Cartellone.

Mary Beaty is back in the sunny South again. We understand she is studying



LT. LESLIE BEAVER, who is stationed in the Caribbean area as a Supply Officer, visited the Tech School Saturday. He is seen chatting with Edwin Stahl, Director of the Technical School and Head of the Foreign Office.

Portuguese furiously and if hubby Dave doesn't return soon, she's going down!

I think it's in their minds only, but it's rumored that Wain Fletcher, Vadah Walker, Ruth Williams, Lil Clayton and Marty Warren have their own bowling team. Just how often that gang can get together the same night at the bowling alleys isn't known. I hear Ruth is the "champ." Her average is to be determined at their next meeting. This team is known for its unique bowling form, with honors going to Vadah.

Assistant Editor's Note: Wain's and Marty's form have not yet been observed as they haven't turned up yet. Where do you two get these last-minute excuses, gals? Sissies! Just afraid we'll beat ya.

Tech School Alumnus Writes From California

AAATC-HQ, AA-4
Camp Haan, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Having just read your latest Fly Paper, I became so homesick for Embry-Riddle that I am going to write you and tell you about it.

I had the good fortune of being a member of your first Airplane Engine Class early in 1942, and I assure you happier days were never spent. The staff at the school was really tops and, being the first group, we kind of grew up together and became one happy family.

I don't know how many of them are still with you but hope some day to drop in and see for myself. Anyhow, say hello to those who are still around.

Although I am in the Artillery, my training at the School has held in fine stead and is the basis for the work I am doing right now for Staff Headquarters here at Camp Haan.

I certainly am thankful to you for continuing the Fly Paper to my mother who, after reading them very thoroughly, sends them on to me. I get a great kick out of reading about the school and its success.

The gang in our class was without a doubt the finest bunch of G.I.s ever assembled.

Continued on next page



CONNIE HENSHAW, formerly one of Mr. Riddle's secretaries, has returned to the Embry-Riddle company as a chauffeur after a leave of absence spent with her husband in Maine.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.F.T.S.

Matt Tierney, Editor

COURSE 19

Those of us who passed all the Ground School exams have been spending a hard earned leave the past few days. Although we are returning tomorrow for the Course 17 "Wings Parade," we are making the most of the short time available.

We all are looking forward to flying ATs, when we will be able to shoot the future Course 20 a horrible line on PTs.

Sometime next week we all hope to move into our new billets where we will stay for the remainder of the Course if all goes well.

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome our new Commanding Officer, W/C Lindsay, A.F.C., to our little community here at Riddle Field.

To our Primary Instructors and staff, we thank them for their attention and kindness in helping us on the way to our one great ambition.

'ROUND RIDDLE

We wish to welcome the new commanding officer of No. 5 British Flying Training School, Riddle Field. To Wing Commander C. W. Lindsay, A.F.C., we pledge our allegiance and assure him of our full cooperation throughout his tour of duty.

To W/C A. A. deGruyther and his charming wife we say *adieu* and *bon voyage*. We enjoyed working with you and wish you the best of luck and continued success at your future postings.

Tomorrow, April 15, Course 17 will stand with beating hearts while the Wings of the Royal Air Force and those of the Army Air Force will be pinned on the blouses of British and American boys, marking the end of their flying training with No. 5 BFTS and the beginning of active service with Allied groups throughout the world.

Happy Landings, Course 17, from all of us at Riddle Field.

We understand that "Gunner" Brink, AT Flight Commander, has a new sailboat and is now aiming for "Captaincy" of the Fleet. Watch out, "Carl," or you'll be losing that title of "Commodore."

Charlie Haskell of the Link department and Mrs. Haskell will soon leave for Massachusetts. Good luck, Charlie and Aurora.

Riddle Fielders would like to take this opportunity to thank sincerely Fred Burtscher and Melvin Carleton for the splendid work they are doing in the Parachute department. "Keep Up the Good Work, boys."

We understand that 1st/Os F. J. O'Hara and A. Binkley are leaving Riddle Field to join A.T.C. Lots of luck.

Word has been received by Lois Heflin of Personnel that P/O Edgar F. Moore,

formerly a member of Course 5 at Riddle Field, is now instructing on twin-engines somewhere in England. He sends his best regards to his former Instructor, H. Roscoe Brinton, saying "Hello and greetings from over there." Edgar still receives the Fly Paper and enjoys it very much.

P/O "Robbie" Robertson and P/O John Hoddell, in a letter to Jeanne O'Neill, send their best regards to all their friends at Riddle Field. Robbie and John said that they had been sent to Officers' Training School and were now being assigned their various jobs. They still get the Fly Paper and said that all the boys from dear old No. 5 swap it around and read it. Robbie and John were graduated with Course 15.

FROM THE GROUND UP

An old-time air-line pilot once said: "I've spent more than 14,000 hours behind the controls of all kinds of airplanes. But I wouldn't be here to tell about it if I hadn't spent twice that time on the ground learning the things I needed to know to pull me through some tight squeezes."

When you step into the cockpit, you are pitting your knowledge and experience against any number of situations which might crop up to make your flight an unsuccessful one. That basic knowledge is acquired on the ground. The experience comes later.

Even on the simplest contact flight, you'd be in sad shape if you snafued your map

reading. Navigation and pilotage gain in importance as flights become more complicated and you get into instrument conditions. Don't neglect these subjects in the classroom and you won't regret them in the air.

You've seen pilots with an innate ability to fly as easily as pushing a scooter. And you've seen them hit their destinations right on the nose time after time. They aren't just lucky and they aren't supermen. They know how because they learned how.

The way you handle the controls and the way you navigate aren't all the things you have to know about flying a plane. For instance, you have to know all about your engines too. Many pilots have come to grief simply because they never bothered to learn about power settings, detonation, efficient temperatures, and such. You may want to leave the technicalities to the engineer, but he isn't always with you. Know it yourself and be sure.

Remember that all this knowledge doesn't come from flying the plane. A lot of it comes from instructors, textbooks and hard study.

Don't get caught guessing.

—Headquarters Army Air Force
Office of Flying Safety

LETTER

Continued from Page 10

bled. Although I have lost track of most of them, I can whip out our class picture and call every one by name. By the way, if any one of them sees this, I surely hope he will drop me a card—that goes for School personnel too.

Until I can get back then—keep things on the up-grade, and the best of luck to you all.

Lt. John S. Perry

Editor's Note: It would be great to see you popping in at Tech School one of these days, John. Maybe your job with Uncle Sam will bring you to Miami yet. We're publishing your letter in the hope that it will reach a few of your old friends and prompt them to write you a note. Let us hear from you any time you're in the mood to write.



W/C A. A. de GRUYTHER, retiring Commanding Officer of No. 5 BFTS.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee DaBoll

It's half past midnight and we're eight hours overdue, but providing the midnight oil holds out, we'll go to press in spite of the urge to go fifth columnless this week.



"Cookie"

The Easter rabbit came our way Saturday and left colored Easter eggs and a special dinner with white table cloths and all the trimmings for those who flew a full schedule Easter Sunday, the eggs being for Cadet Young, who hasn't heard yet. Thanks to Al Sutter, "Margie," Mary Goard, "Daisy" and Chef "Charlie" for this sumpin' super special.

Sign of the Oasis

Mr. Rollins, genius of design and color, has earned another round of applause for the attractive and charmingly appropriate "Gateway to Chapman Field" sign now conspicuously posted at the Department of Agriculture entrance. This should serve as a welcome aid to bewildered motorists.

Which reminds me of the peaceful morning Ruth Williams, Carl Anderson's secretary, called to ask the proper directory listing for Chapman Field. For a couple of hilarious minutes we tried to figure out what the Field is near, if anything, and I'm still uncertain as to whether we're at the beginning or end of Red Road.

I suggested longitude and latitude directions, but that seems to be military information; and "northwest of Chicken Key" was most confoosing to the layman. We let the matter rest at south of South Miami on Red Road. In case there are any who still don't know, Ruth advises hiring a Seminole guide.

Adoption Invited

Harry Benton, foster guardian of our canine mother, came down to check up on the situation Tuesday. Lady was so tickled she forgot the pups and everything else. Greater affection hath no dog. The pups, folks, are getting fat and sassy and if there's anyone who would like to adopt one of these personality packages, please contact me for immediate delivery.

Send no coupons, write no themes—but please confine deliveries to the near vicinity of Miami. All orders will include a small pamphlet outlining the intricacies of the art of applying flea powder.

Of the nine puppies a few are named for Flight Instructors because they enjoy both eating and sleeping so much. We have, for instance, "Mike," who has one black eye and is named for Mac Campbell. The runt is named "Tiney" for you know who. "Fuzzy" was named for Dave Narrow after his recent haircut. "Happy" is name for Harry Benton and "Sunday" was named by

Frank Staton because she was the first pup born on Sunday morning. And little black "Lightnin'" was labeled after Frank Gipson.

Our sympathies go out to Mac "Powerhouse" Campbell who joined the surgical sewing club last Monday at the University Hospital. The patient reportedly has been resting well after his abdominal operation and I understand visitors are now allowed. I'm wondering if Mac got that single room with a double nurse or did he settle for the double room with a single nurse.

We have just recently formed an exclusive club here that all instructors are endeavoring to stay out of. It is the "Aileron Club" and has at present membership numbering five who understandingly share each other's woes. New members are caught like quicksand for as Tim Heflin says, "He who hath escaped has never flowneth an air-machine."

Welcome again to Clewiston Flight Instructors Fisher, McConkey, Lyons and Snyder. We hope by this printing you will have a good grasp on that ticket marked "Instrument Rating."

The midnight oil flickers and as it dies I suddenly recall many things that should have been mentioned. But tomorrow is another day and there'll be many more Tuesdays, so don't remind me till next week.

Luffingly,
Cookie

DORM LIFE

by Al Wittenberg

Good day, fellow spooks. Welcome to 122 Menores avenue. Don't be frightened—we won't hurt you. No, we just want to scare you to death.

Won't you sit down? Oh, not that chair. Mr. Yehudi left his body there.

Now that you are settled I shall begin my tale of woe.

It all started on the night before April 1. Blood lay heavy on the moon and a few bones rattled in their graves.

'Twas after 10 o'clock. Not a creature was stirring, not even Peggy or Skip, when all through the house an odor unpleasant greeted my nose. I jumped out of my bed and placed my Sherlock Holmes' cap upon my head and called my faithful companion, "Doc" Gibbs.

With flashlight in one hand, magnifier in the other, we stumped about looking for the solution. In sheer desperation and to the joy of the girls, we turned on the lights and the fragrance grew more pungent.

It was Housemother Berry who discovered the simple answer—just limburger cheese coated on an electric light bulb.

The mischief makers, Skip and Peggy by name, supposedly lay in bed, but to our



VIVACIOUS MONICA McGRATH, who was born in Capetown, South Africa, began her flight course at Chapman Field April 10. She expects to obtain her private pilot's license and then work toward a commercial.

surprise they were making things tough for Irish; from that point on not a room was left untouched.

Wearily we returned to our beds, victorious, if that's what you'd like to call it. I personally say it was absolute exhaustion that made us lay down our weapons (not to forget to mention Mom's firm voice).

Sis and yours truly hobbled back to bed, leaving the other kids to fix up their rooms while we licked our wounds and prepared to go to sleep.

Two of our spooks, Julia Lamm and Jo Rudford, from the other Dorm, have left us for the WASP. I'm afraid that with those two in there pitching Tojo and Hitler will get the scare of their lives.

Another Chapmanite

No sooner had we said our farewells than another Dormite was added to the collection for Chapman Field. Flight Student Sue Phillips hails from Vero Beach.

Robbie Papwell is back with us again but Ann Radcliff has gone to New York City for two weeks. The lucky stiff.

Well, dear children, I must leave you. Don't you think you should wear something heavy on your head? Hair standing on end doesn't become you at all.

P.S. The four musketeers (Chapman, Gibbs, Williams and Wittenberg), along with many others from the Tech School, bravely volunteered to give a pint of blood for the Dade County Blood Bank, but we were met at the door and shown the quickest way out. Oh, to be 21.

Don't worry, Mr. Anderson, we'll go back as soon as some signatures come rolling in from our parents.

Pill Palace Vignettes

by Skip Selby

Well, dear readers, this week it looks like you are going to get an outsider's outlook of our dear old Dorms. I'm writing from the University Hospital where my appendix reposes in a bottle. I do have right much news to tell you all—some sad and some glad.

Our loving, ever-frolicking "Topsy" Gaston has gone for good—yep, she's gone traipsing up to Yankee Land to join the WASP. I know that we're all wishing the best of everything for her, and I'm pretty sure that she'll get it.

Curley-headed, black-eyed Janet Williams "ain't lonesome no more." Her old pal and all-time friend, Jo Rudford, is back from the Capital and her visit with Jackie Cochran. Incidentally, I hear that this was a successful visit and June will see industrious Jo "Deep in the Heart of Texas" coming in on a wing and a prayer. Best of luck to you, Jo.

Off to the WASP

It seems that Embry-Riddle is furnishing the Government with many of its flyers—for the Navy and for the WASP. Yep, two more of our regular, good ol' gals leave with hopeful looks on their bright faces. I know that I speak for all Embry-Riddle-ites when I say that we are going to miss Mary Amanek and "Swing Shift" Bubas.

Lady Papwell was really thrilled over her first cross country which was made Monday, April 10, and Tuesday was the day for her first solo cross country. Only wish I could have been home to help do the bathtub dunking honors. I'll put up a nice fat wager with anyone that there was plenty of excitement around 122 Menores for a couple of days!

Ginny has gone and left 235. Last I heard, she was heading toward Lynchburg, Va.

Hummm! Well, as Mr. Stahler says, and I quote, "Once one gets the slip-stream in one's blood and Florida sand in one's shoes, then some day, sooner or later, one

will come back to Florida and spend the rest of his days here flying."

Bonnie Bonner of 235 Majorca has her private license. Good girl, Bonnie!

Those are the events of last week, so I'll bid farewell to my tortured readers with the ardent hope that Easter was a happy one.

WHITECAPS

by Cay Sillocks

Clack, clack, clack—what is that noise I hear? Oh, no, the woodpeckers aren't tearing the building down—it's just Helen Webster practicing her typing. A-one-A-two-A-three-ready-set. Now all ten fingers at once!

Yes, sir, she's got a book and she's getting larnin' on how to type in three easy lessons. They all laughed when she sat down to play—little did they know that she had a book!

Kay Kniesche still wants to learn to sail and Rusty Shethar 'lows as how she's just the girl to teach her, the only difficulty being that they haven't been able to locate a boat. Anyone wishing to donate a sailboat to a good cause, kindly notify.

Ground School

Chapman Field Ground School has been duly represented lately by Wilbur Sheffield, his cute lil wife, Virginia, and Charlie Stahler.

Mystery of mysteries! Who has been making dribble glasses out of all the paper cups around here? There's nothing like a practical joker about the house to keep you on your toes!

We have a few new students to introduce to you this week. Barbara Ripley, Dorothy Lang, Eleanor Dixon and Nancy Trent are the feminine contingent and a sailor, Harry Parrott, is the lone male in the new group.

Once again we have two solo congratulations to tell you about, Roy Avchen and Betty Morgan. Keep up the good work, kids.

Me and Thee

We are all feeling terribly "down in the dumps," for Gardner Royce is going to desert us for a few weeks. His doctor demands that he take a vacation. We all hope he'll return soon full of his usual pep. Perhaps I can persuade him to bring me back a bit of the so-called pep. I seem to get more feeble every day—yes, my mind too.

Well, there is work to be done, so up and at 'em.

Enemy ears

Are ever near—
If we don't talk
They can't hear!



PVT. ERIC R. SUNDSTROM, right, former Coordinator of Inter-American Training at Embry-Riddle, visited the Tech School last week when he was in Miami on furlough. He is pictured with Adriano Ponso, Technical Assistant to Mr. Riddle.

ALUMNI NOTES

THOMAS MILTON GAMMAGE—former flight student at the Municipal Air Base—now a Lieutenant (jg) flying Grumman Avengers in the South Pacific. He has completed fifty bombing missions and has to his credit two Jap ships and one Jap bomber. Tom's father, who lives at 1334 S. W. 17th Street, hopes he soon will be home on leave of absence.

EXTRA! Dr. Gammage just informed us that Tom has arrived in California!

SHELDON E. WELLS—former head of Drafting and Design at the Tech School—now a private in Uncle Sam's Army and attached to the 53rd Training Group at Kessler Field, Miss.

CARLOS MONTENEGRO—former Inter-American cadet at the Tech School—studied Service Mechanics at Embry-Riddle and later took an engineering course at Yale—now in charge of Civilian School for Panair do Brasil in Rio de Janeiro.

CHARLES NIEMEYER—former student in Sheet Metal at the Tech School—now a Staff Sergeant in the Air Corps somewhere overseas.

ATTILIO BOCCHETTI—former Inter-American cadet, who took Master Mechanics at the Tech School and engineering mechanics at Yale—now a Lieutenant in the Brazilian Air Force and Chief of Ground Maintenance of a Brazilian Expeditionary Force overseas.

F. C. ("BUD") BELLAND—founder and first editor of the Fly Paper—now a Lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve—stationed at Opa Locka, Fla., where he is an instructor in navigation.

To anyone desiring to correspond with any of the above, the Fly Paper will be glad to forward complete addresses.

LEADERS

Continued from Page 4

the thousands which could be recounted of the religious convictions of our leaders. It should be unnecessary for me to say that there is something to religion—something which you shouldn't miss. Don't cheat yourself out of life's greatest source of strength. Attend the services of your Church next Sunday.

DADE COUNTY BLOOD BANK

Special mention goes this week to Faith Snyder, Ed Mullins and Ralph Simmons of Engine Overhaul who made a visit to the Blood Bank this week and did their bit toward backing our fighting forces.

It's little enough to give a pint of blood every eight weeks to save the lives of boys who are giving their blood every day.

Plan to make your donation next Monday when an Embry-Riddle bus will be on hand to take volunteers to the Jackson Memorial Hospital.

For further information, call John Kille, Personnel Director.

ARCADIA OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

Under the supervision of Lloyd Rames and with the assistance of his department, we finally established the grounds for our Ball Park. Thanks to Jan Klint, who secured our equipment on his last visit to Miami. The records show that everyone enjoys the games more and more each day. It shouldn't be long before we will have 100 per cent playing. The girls are quite outstanding in these games—particularly Jeanne Mack. We found that she can get around on the ground on four legs as well as two. Charles Berberian also has shown proficiency on the field dressed in his coveralls. We were surprised to find that he could run so fast.

At the Court House

The last picture shown at the Court House by the Safety Committee was very interesting. Folks, it's something you should all see, to get a clear understanding of what we are fighting for and what our job means. Come on out, folks, let's see a full house at the next meeting. You won't regret it.

"Pappy" Meyer has been working diligently on a landing gear "jig" and, from all indications, it has proven to be a big success in his work. Nice going, Pappy!

Dixie Ray left yesterday for the WAC. Good luck, Dixie! Pearl Mercer is having a trying time with those new "specks." The question is, "When do you look through the top and likewise the bottom?" Patience, Pearl, soon you will be wondering how you ever got along without them. Lois Bellflower has been absent for the past few

days. We hope she will soon be well and back to work.

Our deepest sympathy to Jessie Douglas on the death of a near relative, and to Hal Roche who just received word of the passing of his brother, who had been sick some time.

Brunette Wanted

Charles McRae suggests that Ken Anderson get another brunette for his department. Jim Rouse seems to be going in for frills and ruffles nowadays. I just got a glimpse of his new Easter bonnet. Very nifty, Jim. Jan Klint has sold his car—perhaps those music lessons had something to do with it.

Visitors this week: "Joe" Horton, who had with him two guests, and Fred Foote, who was here from Brasil on a short visit. Brigadier General Williams, while inspecting the Field, made a tour of the Overhaul department.

Charles S. Berberian, Chief Inspector of AAF, and Dave Pearce, Assistant Superintendent of Overhaul, made a trip to Clewiston Saturday. The former went on business, but Dave went along for the ride and, as Dave says, "Boy, what a ride!"

Floral Stir

Buck Thomas of Field Maintenance, husband of "Lizzie," has created quite a stir with his beautiful display of flowers. Ask Buck for the story.

Lee Hill has been given a larger area to cover. Now he is in charge of Sanding and Spraying in addition to his Hand Doping department. Although the girls in Hand Doping see less of him, Lee says that

such efficient workers as Lois Bellflower, Alma Westberry, Louise Daughtrey, Ida Mae Stone and Alma Coker need little supervision.

Esther Wallich, who has been with us about a year, is returning to Chicago with her mother. Esther came here from the "Windy City" to be Jan Klint's secretary. She has done a fine job and has made friends with everyone here. Keep in touch with us, Esther. We'll miss you.

To you Foremen who promised so faithfully to contribute to our column each week, may I say "Come on, fellas, let's have it; keep your eyes open for a 'scoop'." I will appreciate any small contribution. Just remember, this is our column and should contain news of each and every one in the shop. Won't you please help out?

WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY?

by

Lieut. Dean Shatlain
Tank Commander

Written on the Battlefield of Africa and published in the Virginia Legionnaire

*What did you do today, my friend,
From morning till the night?
How many times did you complain
That rationing is too tight?*

*When are you going to start to do
All of the things you say?
A soldier would like to know, my friend,
What did you do today?*

*We met the enemy today
And took the town by storm.
Happy reading it will make
For you tomorrow morn.*

*You'll read with satisfaction
The brief communique,
We fought, but are you fighting?
What did you do today?*

*My gunner died in my arms today,
I feel his warm blood yet;
Your neighbor's dying boy gave out
A scream I'll never forget.*

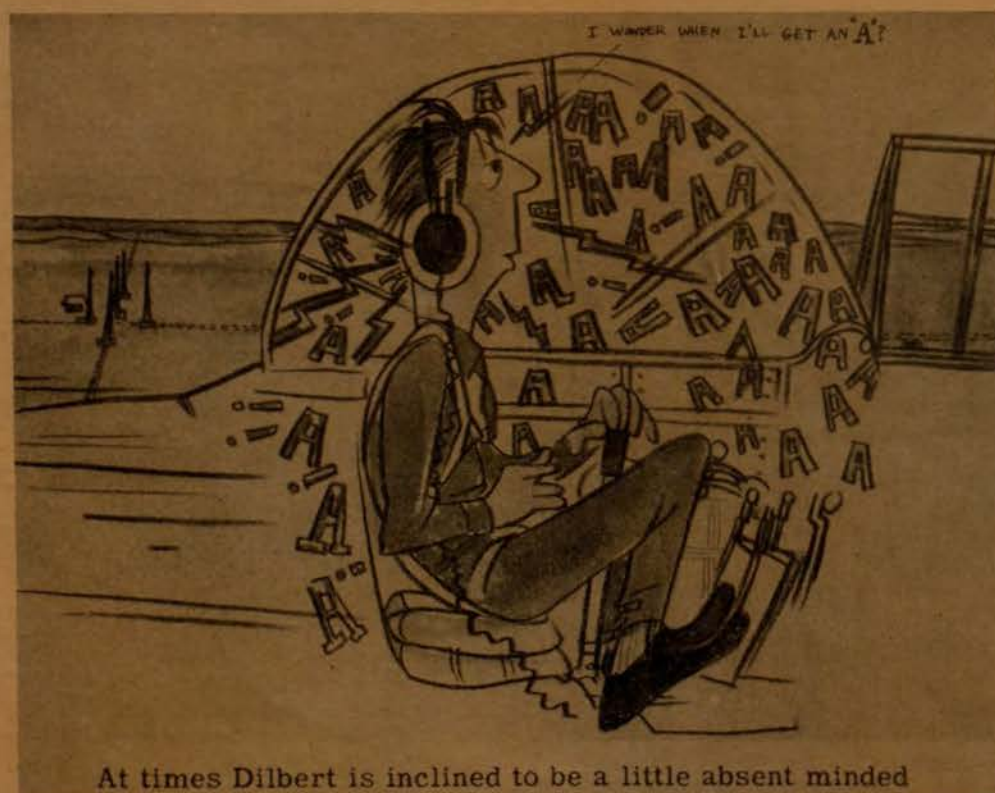
*On my right a tank was hit,
A flash and then a fire,
The stench of burning flesh
Still rises from the pyre.*

*What did you do today, my friend,
To help us with the task?
Did you work harder and longer for less
Or is that too much to ask?*

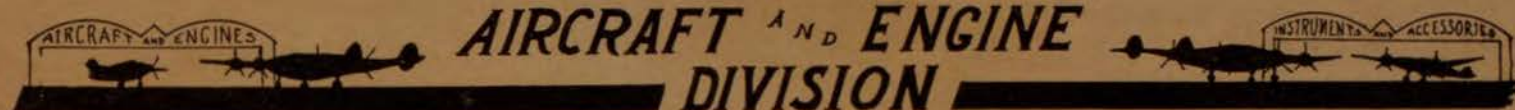
*What right have I to ask you this,
You probably will say
Maybe now you'll understand,
You see . . . I died today.*

(Lt. Shatlain amputated his foot with a jack-knife and thought he was dying as he wrote this poem. He was rescued by Americans after two hours of hiding and is now recuperating in a hospital in England.)

A military secret
Is your security.
Let's keep it!



At times Dilbert is inclined to be a little absent minded



A. D. D.'S

by Mary Frances Perner

We expected Pat MacNamara to return from her well earned vacation with a suntan, but we certainly didn't expect those blushes and that beautiful "sparkler!" Yes, Pat's up and done it—she's engaged to Terry Graham of the U. S. Navy.

Mrs. Rowley is sporting a stunning new pair of glasses. Rose Burke and Gloria Dean are back with us after a few days absence.

Leonard S. Hendrix is suffering from complications as the result of having a tooth pulled. Hope it will be better soon.

The reason for the smile on Capt. Bacon's face Monday was that Mrs. Bacon has returned to Miami.

Tommy Wynn's wife also arrived over the week end.

Aircraft Supplies is in the process of being moved to Engine Overhaul. After this week it will be located at 2901 N. W. 32nd St.

WING FLUTTER

by Chester Alsdorf

Last week was eventful at Aircraft Overhaul. The Navy moved in, bringing a large quantity of work for us to do here at Aircraft.

We are indeed proud that the Navy recognizes the quality of our work, and we are proud to be of service to two of the armed forces, the United States Army Air Corps and the United States Navy.

In the past we have done work for the Civil Air Patrol and the War Training Service. Let's "Keep 'em Flying" in the best of Navy tradition.

We are glad to be able to welcome ACM R. P. Johnston to Aircraft Overhaul and hope that his stay here will be a long and happy one. "Chief" Johnston has been assigned here from the Opa Locka Naval Air Station to supervise the Navy work.

He has been the Navy for ten and one half years, having spent most of this time with the Fleet in the Pacific, where he saw action around Manila and the South Pacific. "Chief" Johnston has only been back in this country since November.

We also welcome Virginia Casey to our midst. Virginia has been transferred from the Sales department to the office here at Aircraft Overhaul. She comes from Syracuse, N. Y., and is a graduate of the Mary Wood College, Scranton, Pa.

There was a blessed event over at Guard Cuffel's house the other night. In the rabbit hutch in his back yard, six New Zealand rabbits were born. Cuffel is a rabbit breed-

OLD TIMERS' CLUB DANCE

Don't forget the big dance tomorrow night at the American Legion Post, 66th Street and Biscayne Boulevard, sponsored by the Old Timers' Club of Engine Overhaul.

9 p.m., April 15, 1944

\$1 per Couple

er in his spare time. This is one of those profitable hobbies.

Eston Wynn has left for her home in Lyons, Ga., to visit her three sons there.

Etta Blich returned to work on Monday of this week after taking a leave of absence to visit her home in Albany, Ga. Etta said that she had a wonderful time, even though she had the misfortune to lose her wallet with most of her money in it.

Ethel Carruthers left last Saturday to go to Virginia Beach to be near her husband who is in service. We're sorry to see her go, but we know that her husband will be glad to have her near him.

Mr. McKinley has been out on his vacation and returned to work on Wednesday of this week.

We hope to see all of your shining faces at the dance tomorrow night at the American Legion, 66th Street and Biscayne Boulevard. This dance is sponsored by the Old Timers' Club of Engine Overhaul and should be quite a blow-out. See Maxine Stevens for your tickets at \$1 per couple.

GYRO NOTES

by Walter Dick

Easter has come and gone and what a gay parade there was! Wonder just how gorgeous our gals looked? Kinda all right, I expect. Embry-Riddle really has a nice looking bunch of young ladies.

Frank Torian is on sick leave and is in a hospital for an overhaul. Guess he has overhauled so many instruments the past year he thought the doc should give him one. Hope you soon feel better, Frank.

We are all fixed up for the repair on Autosyn systems, so Mel Klein and Hugh Skinner are very busy with those.

Rate of Climbs have come in for an unusual amount of attention the past two weeks. Jane Skinner hasn't been gay and smiling lately. Could it be that Rate of Climbs have her in a dive?

We missed Marge and Leslie Monday. Hope they are not ill; maybe it was just Easter Monday.

We have a newcomer to our shop, Enrique J. Arcaya who comes to us from Santiago, Chile, via Tech School. We have found him a good scout with a rich sense of humor. Welcome to our shop, Enrique.

Helen McKee returned last week from her vacation and reports a wonderful time spent in Ohio.

Spring is really here with evidences of summer close on its heels—that is, judging from the talk of fishing trips and picnics.

Excuse a short column this week as the writer has and is all occupied with moving to a new home.

Buy Bonds for Victory!

ENGINE NOISES

by Dick Hourihan

Pat Drew had agreed to do this week's column, but the illness of her father prevented. Thanks for your notes, Pat; we hope your father's illness is not serious.

Frances Woodward, formerly of the Inspection department, has joined the WAC. Congratulations, Frances, and let us size you up when you don your uniform.

Helen Setffani of the Stockroom proudly has informed us of her engagement to M/Sgt. Joe W. Whorley of Austin, Texas. The wedding is to take place May 5. We wish you all the happiness possible, Helen. Bring Joe around so we can offer congratulations.

Well, Wally Tyler upped and left us. Wally is returning to his home for an indefinite stay. Wally, I don't know what we'll do without you to fall back on when news is needed for this column, or a song for our get-togethers.

Our chief mouse catcher had an addition to her family; in fact, four additions, namely, Lycoming, Ranger, Continental and Jacobs. Looks like it will be tough on the mice from now on.

John O. Ross of Division Accounting passed his physical at Camp Blanding and before long will leave us for the armed forces. However, every cloud has a silver lining, and this one is Frances (Weist) Fredericks of the Personnel department. John, we will sure miss you, but don't blame us too much when we look toward the silver lining.

We were sorry to lose Evelyn Grate, secretary to Ted Nelson, but the Windy City beckoned and she answered the call.

Wonder why Dave Mericle, the Jack & Heintz Miami area representative, took so long to pay us a visit after his recent trip to see his bossman? And, did you notice the extra avoidupois? He tells us it's due to the good food served at the Jack & Heintz cafeteria—or could it be some fancy vacationing?

FRED B. FOOTE SAYS SAO PAULO SCHOOL NEARS PERFECTION

Embry-Riddle may be proud of its Brazilian Division, according to Fred B. Foote, whose recent visit from São Paulo caused no end of excitement around the Tech School.

From James E. Blakeley down, there has been cooperation and teamwork which, Fred says, is the reason Escola Técnica de Aviação is making rapid strides toward a perfect organization.

When questioned as to the physical appearance of the School, Fred told us that the old Immigration Center was exceptionally well constructed and "is a perfect set-up." About two thirds of the 22 buildings have undergone "face-lifting," and modernization is rapidly erasing the wrinkles that necessarily appear where 60-odd summers have made their mark.

Fred, whose position at the School in São Paulo is administrative, described the grounds as magnificently landscaped, covering an area about as large as that of the Tech School in Miami, including Engine Overhaul. Many of the buildings are connected with covered walks, giving a cloistered effect.

The climate in São Paulo during the past four months has been similar to that



FRED B. FOOTE

of southern California, the days warm and the nights cool. In the winter, however, which is June, July and August in the Tropic of Capricorn, the temperature goes down to freezing. There is a rainy season early in the year, and when it rains in São Paulo it rains for hours, sometimes days. During this season a Brazilian would no more go out without his umbrella than without his wallet.

São Paulo is the Chicago of South America. It is an important industrial city, and the São Paulists are proud of their energy and drive.

"North Americans find São Paulo

enough like a large industrial city in the United States to feel at home there," Fred stated. "English is taught in the schools and is commonly spoken. Living expenses are low if one does not insist on trademarked brands familiar in the United States. Shipping costs run these items sky high, but equally satisfactory products made in Brasil can be used and are very inexpensive."

Escola Técnica de Aviação is about ten minutes from the center of the metropolis by bus or trolley, which run at frequent intervals. The Company itself now has three buses.

Fred and his wife, Lucile, who is secretary to James Blakeley, have a charming apartment on Avenida de São Paulo. Like every place else during war times, rents have increased to a certain extent, but Fred assures us that they are about the same as those of Miami in normal times. The cost of living is about twenty per cent cheaper than in the States. Some things cost less, such as labor, food and all raw materials; but mechanical devices and electrical equipment are very expensive.

Good maids are obtainable at very reasonable wages and, according to Lucile, really pay their own way. The maid does all the shopping and, being more familiar with prices and having a better knowledge of local produce and merchandise, saves her employer many cruzeiros.



You Gotta Have Bait, Mister!

A lotta men go through life tryin' to land that prize catch—OPPORTUNITY. They've got a sharp, strong hook—AMBITION. But they forget to bait it with the one thing that counts—TRAINING.

If you want to go after the big ones in the Aviation field, bring your hook of AMBITION to Embry-Riddle and let us bait it with the kind of TRAINING that gets results. Choose the branch of Aviation in which you're most interested. Build 'em, fly 'em, or keep 'em flying. Get all the facts. Plan to enroll soon.



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